

HELL, the prison house of despair —

Here are some things that won't be there:

No flowers will bloom on the banks of hell.

No beauties of nature we love so well.

No comforts of home, music and song;

No friendship or joy will be in that throng.

No children to brighten the long weary night,

No love, nor peace, nor one ray of light.

No mercy, nor pity, nor pardon, nor grace,

No water, Oh God, what a terrible place!

The pangs of the lost no human can tell,

No moment of ease — there's no rest in hell!

Hell, the prison house of despair —

Here are some things that will be there:

Fire and brimstone are there, we know,

For God in His Word has told us so.

Memory, remorse, suffering and pain,

Weeping and wailing, but all in vain.

Blasphemers, swearers, haters of God,

Sinners who refuse to be washed in the blood.

Christ-rejecters while on earth they trod,

Murderers, gamblers, drunkards and liars,

Will have their part in the lake of fire.

The filthy, the vile, the cruel and mean,

What a terrible mob in hell will be seen.

Yes, more than humans on earth can tell

Are the torments and woes of **ETERNAL HELL!**